



Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00
Post Paid to all parts of the world

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain J. Wood, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lieut. C. C. Mann.

Advertising:

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Sub-Staff

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, R.S.M. H. E. Karfher, R.C.D.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hetherington

Asst. Old Comrades Representatives: Mr. G. J. Simpton.

Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

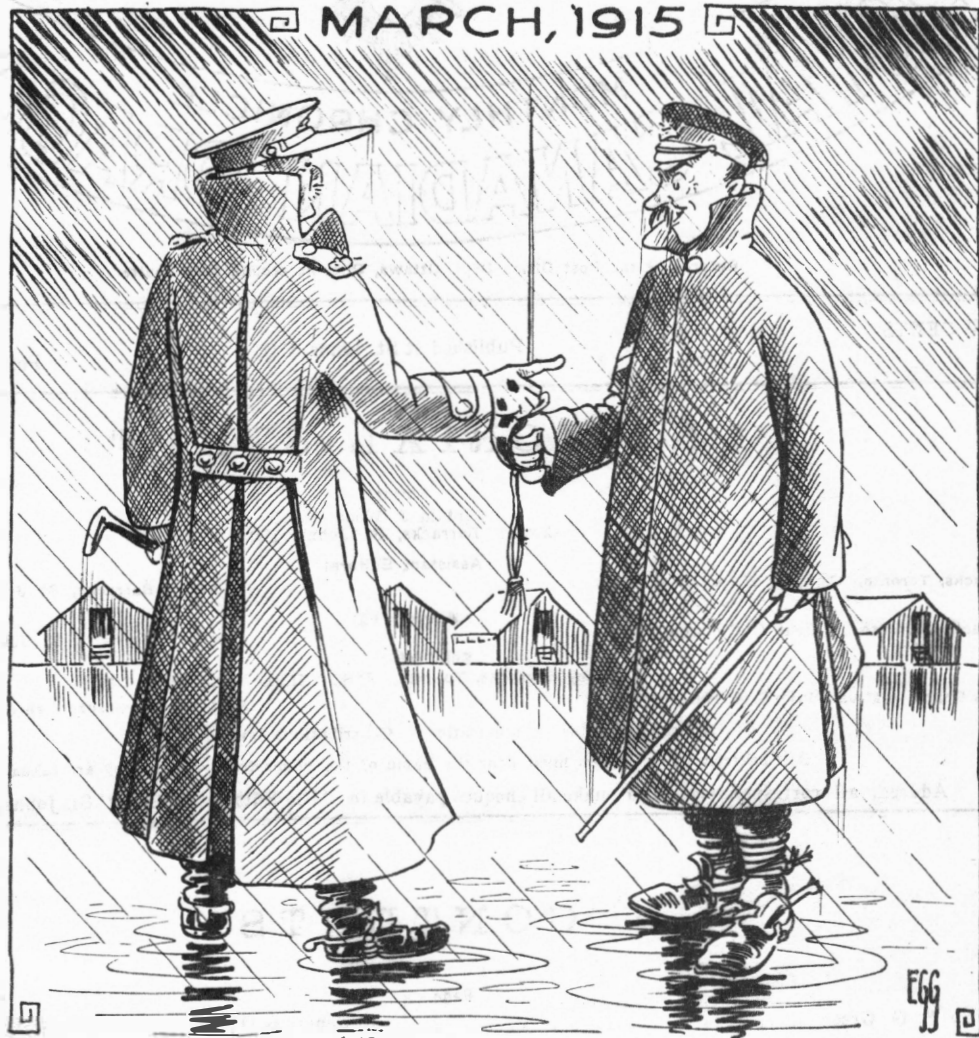
Cutting from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Frontispiece by E. G. Green	2	A Generous Offer	9
Editorial	3	Some Squadron Definitions	9
Personal and Regimental	3	Old Comrades Association 'A' Squadron	10
Toronto Notes ..	4	D'ye Kea John Peel	10
Bytown Bits	5	"Shooting Stars"	10
Paardeberg Day in St. Johns.....	6	Centenary of Metropolitan Police.....	12
Letters to the Editor	6	Some Reminiscences of the Royal School of Instruction, Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, 1889.....	13
Obituary	7	Memories of An-Ex-Dragon	15
Memorial Window Unveiled	7	Gang Warfare in Chicago	18
Getting up in the Morning	7	Olympic Games	18
Reminiscences of Service with R.C.D.	8	The Right Place	19
The Parable of the Exile	8	Deluded Souls	20

MURPHY AT MARESFIELD



(Major MacMillan) "WHAT THE BLANK BLANK ARE YOU MARCHING UP AND DOWN FOR MURPHY — AREN'T YOU CORPORAL OF THE GUARD? — AND WHERE ARE ALL THE SENTRIES!?"

(Corporal Murphy) "SURE SOR, AN' IT'S A NASTY DAY, SO I SENT THE B'YS ALL AWAY-T' THEIR DINNER SOR!"

EDITORIAL



This month, our thoughts turn to the Annual Re-union of Officers, N.C.O.'s. and men on the 21st-22nd. This annual gathering is one of the bonds that cement this splendid unit together. It is to be hoped that this re-union will see a greater turn out than ever before, those of our ex-members who have been unable to attend in former years have missed a real treat—to see again faces we know so well and to hear their trials and tribulations and to get together for a few hours sends one home with the feeling of an evening well spent. It brings to mind also those splendid fellows who have dropped out, but whose work and sacrifice will ever be an incentive for those on the active list to carry on with zeal and energy to uphold the standard and traditions created by them.

WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW

"When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know his cares, When you've come to understand him and the burdens that he bears, When you've learned the fight he's making and the trouble in his way, Then you find that he is different than you thought him yesterday. You find his faults trivial and there's

Not so much to blame In the brother that you jeered at when you only knew his name. You are quick to see the blemish in the distant neighbor's style. You can point to all his errors and many sneer, at him the while, And your prejudices fatten and your hates more violent grow As you talk about the failures of the man you do not know. But when drawn a little closer, and your hands and shoulders touch, You find the traits you hated really don't amount to much. When you get to know a fellow, know his every mood and whim, You begin to find the texture of the splendid side of him; You begin to understand him, and you cease to scoff and sneer, For the understanding always prejudices disappear. You begin to find his virtues and his faults you cease to tell, For you seldom hate a fellow when you know him very well. When next you start in sneering and your phrases turn to blame, Know more of him you censure than his business and his name; For it's likely that acquaintance Would your prejudice dispel And you'd really come to like him if you knew him very well. When you get to know a fellow and you understand his ways, Then his faults really won't matter, for you'll find a lot to praise."

Personal & Regimental



Major R. S. Timmis D.S.O. entertained at tea in his quarters on Sunday March 9th, among those present were:—

Mrs. Wright.
Mrs. Woodcock.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Poulin.
Miss Brosseau.
The Misses Isabel and Frances Duval.
Col. and Mrs. Murphy.
Mr. Tom Murphy.
Mrs. Turney.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Trotter.
Mr. Cleary.
Mr. and Mrs. Brown.
Major and Mrs. Cook.
Capt. and Mrs. Cameron.

Mrs. Wood.
N. S. Wurtele.
Major Grant.
Capt. Berteau.
Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie.
Lieutenant Coke.
Mr. Seldon.

Mr. Allen Case a former officer and Old Comrade has been chosen to judge hunters and jumpers at the Atlanta Ga. Horse Show held on March 21-22, 1930.

Ex-Trooper (C.E.F. No. 226'35) R. C. McDonald, is now located at London Ont., and is a member of the London Fire Department. His

address is, 209 Emery Street or Central Fire Station, London, Ont.

Talk about "Jack" and his "Queen Anne", just you wait a little while may be after Lent, "Heavy" is going to announce his engagement to "Queen Charlotte" then we will have a marriage of quite a historical interest. So that's that.

"Hank" after having been on it for a few weeks,—fell off it last pay day, now he is on it again.

Referred to our readers 'What has become of "Nordheimer's Black Maria Cocktails". The Asst. Ed. being asked this question at our last dance almost passed away with fright.

"Blondy" our 3rd Troop sheik, says that 'Nobby' was luck losing his cheque, he says that he has lost his for the next three months.

'Hanks' wants to know where Harry, Barney, Sandy, Brasso, and the Wee on are going to bivouac this Summer.

"Sailor" has a terrible misfortune, been suffering from a very bad throat all week.

"Magowski" insists that he is not sore, oh no, not a bit of it, not at all, why should I be, not me me lad,—but tell me who put it in.

Our Eat and Run lunch counter is not doing very much business these days in, Pigs Feet, big Jim offered Russell \$5.00 if he could chew one in 5 minutes—ch—the offer is still open.

"Lord (Phishbottom)" having got together a suit of civvies, "Moon Mullins" is green with envy, he says that all he wants now is an umbrella.

Our friend "Freddy" says that it is quite possible to make plants intoxicated, oh yez, and if you don't believe him, he becomes quite annoyed, he says that the plants in the Segts'. Mess have been

canned for a long time.

Our Jewish Count has one better, he says that the application of a little warm beer improves the appearance of Oak furniture, why warm when the application of a little cold beer will often improve the appearance of the whole world.

Ex-Sergeant G. E. Huff, M.M., late of "A" Squadron, overseas, and who is now a Sqn. Sgt.-Major with the 10th Brant Dragoons, has been awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long service medal.

Mr. "Monty" Cole, an ex-member of the Toronto Police Force, but who is now connected with the Maple Leaf Milling Co., paid Sgt.-Major and Mrs. Tamlyn a very pleasant visit recently. After a tour of the Barracks and vicinity he declared himself very well pleased with all he saw, and wishes to be remembered to 'Bill', for reference to Bill ask Ike.

The Inter-Troop and Platoon Hockey League has been won by the First Troop and, owing to the spell of mild weather we have been enjoying lately, the followers of "the rubber disc" will have to put the old skates in oil and make room for "The booters of the inflated pigskin."

We wish to inform "the city slickers" with our sister squadron in Toronto, that although we may be a "bunch of farmers," the boys from the Richelieu Valley sure know their agriculture. And How.

The Cavalry Barracks Dance Club Committee:—Capt. G. F. Berteau, Pres; L/Cpl. W. Sidebotham, Sec.-Treas. Troop representatives, Troopers J. F. Watson, S. R. Smith and F. W. Lawrence must be congratulated on their splendid work during the season and we feel confident that they will close their term of office with a bang. Sergt. Costello and Pte. W. Cunningham deserve honorable mention for their assistance.



Electricity Transforms the Home

LET US SHOW YOU HOW

Southern Canada Power Company Limited



For Your
Boots
 and
Shoes
Rubbers
Valises
 Etc.
 Go to
Georges
St-Germain

250-252 Richelieu St.
Wholesale & Retail
 (In front Imperial Theatre)
 St. Johns.

J. E. Gagnon
Grocer
Butcher
 24 Market Place,
 St. Johns, Que.

Western Beef, Sausages,
 Ham, Vegetables, etc.

Beer and Porter

Tel. No. 3.

Tpr. Dunk Shows great promise of becoming an interior decorator of the first water. With paint and brush he almost matched the color of the new boards in his stall (3rd troop stable) with the original blueish-grey.

We heard that the fellow, who visits his lady friend accompanied by an interpreter, has purchased a French-English Dictionary.

Whoopee. Better times ahead.

Our friend Sid has found it more convenient to meander down to the radio store, on Richelieu Street, for an evening's entertainment, than to pay the installments on his set.

Oh, where, Oh, where, has thy radio gone,
 Oh, where, Oh, where, can it be,
 We saw a man come up, and the set go down,
 Were the payments too stiff? O.I.C.

Said a young man called Peon,
 In two weeks the "Force" I will be on,

He went up and enquired
 Was hired and was fired,
 And now in the stores he will stay on.

There was a bold Sergt. called Tiny,
 Who rode a white horse clean and shiny,
 At the head of a ride
 He was everyones pride,
 While the civvies looked on and cried "BLIMEY."

Now what about old 'Sam Salt
 Who thinks his remount's a colt
 By the look of it's ears
 It is well up in years
 Nuff said this time "Ride HALT"

What's the matter with MOGOW-SKI?

He seems to be looking quite sour-ski

He went to great length
 To extol his great strength
 But we should worry and HOWS-KI.

An ex-aviator named BOB
 When we think of his talent we sob
 There's no use denying
 He's done some great flying
 But he's gone into a spin on this job.

An enterprising young man called Sailor

At composing songs is a failure
 He said if they take

A fortune I'll make
 But each day he grows paler; poor Sailor.

Here's to our old friend the Monk
 Who at sounding the trumpet's the bunk

He once said to me
 I'm a musician you see
 But the trumpets they issue are junk.

We hope that you'll all like our verse

It's bad but it could be worse
 Please don't take offence
 At all this nonsense
 And we'll throw in the sponge and disperse.

MANY THANKS

We wish to express our pleasure to our many subscribers who have been so good as to renew their subscriptions, thus enabling us to keep you on our mailing list for another year. Ed.

Toronto Notes.

Major General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., V.D., M.D., No. 2, paid an informal inspection visit to Stanley Barracks on Monday, February 24th, 1930. He inspected the Royal Canadian Dragoons (Mounted) ready to carry on their various classes. He then made an inspection of all buildings in Barracks.

The Royal Canadian School of Cavalry and the Proficiency in Riding terminated on Saturday March 3rd, 1930.

'B' Squadron, commenced Squadron training on Monday, March 3rd, 1930.

The following courses also commenced on March 3rd, 1930. Musketry Course 'B' Wing. Capt. M. H. A. Drury, Q.M.S.I., J. MacLean. Sgt. G. C. Simpkin, Cpl. F. L. Nickle.

"A" Wing. Capt. L. D. Hammond, Cpl. M. J. Gilmore, L/Cpl. E. Webb.

Physical Training.—L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford.

Major W. Baty, R.C.D., has taken over the duties of Adjutant whilst Capt. Drury is attending the 'B' Wing Course.

Mr. G. D. Churchward visited Stanley Barracks on Saturday, March 1st. He is now living in

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

London, Ont., and has formed an attachment with the Metropolitan Stores.

Mr. Churchward unfortunately was enroute to see his brother Joseph, who is seriously ill in Toronto, and who before the late war was a frequent visitor to the Barracks in St. Johns.

We trust Mr. J. Churchward has a speedy recovery.

The Annual Ball of the R.C.D. Sergeants' Mess will be held at Stanley Barracks on Friday evening March 28th in the Gymnasium. Invitations are now being sent out by the Secretary of the Mess.

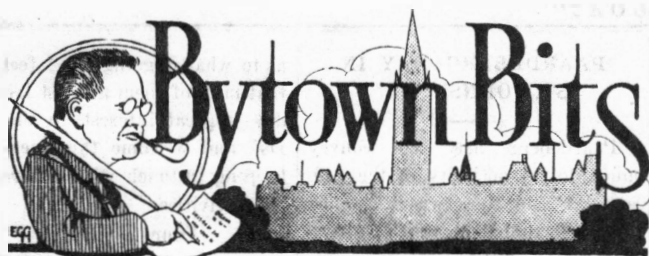
The Annual Officers' Mess Dinner, past and present, will be held in the Officers' Mess, Stanley Barracks, Toronto on the evening of Friday, March 21st, 1930.

It is hoped that this will enable officers who are attending the above dinner to also be present at the Old Comrades Re-Union Smoker which will be held on the following evening, Saturday March 22nd in the Gymnasium, Stanley Barracks.

The Government of the Province of Ontario has just published the appointment of Major E. A. Steer, M.C., as a Justice of the Peace. The Goat offers its congratulations to Major Steer.

The Canadian South Africa Veterans Association held their Annual Dinner at the Victoria Hotel, Toronto, on Friday the 28th Feb. in commemoration of Paardeburg Day. About sixty attended and a good time was had by all. Major E. A. Steer, M.C., was elected 2nd Vice-Pres. and Major N. Medhurst, a member of the committee for the ensuing year.

It is of interest to note that only two serving members of the R.C.D., were with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in South Africa, namely Major W. Baty and S.M., F. Ackerman, although there are several in the Regiment who served in the Imperial Forces.



Did you read it:—Away back in 1918 one day I remember Roy Nordheimer received an American magazine, which advertised the publication of a history of the Great War. Remember, the war still had some months yet to run, yet Frank Simpson, that's not his name, but it will do, had written the history. The bally-hoo was good and ran something like this.

"Who is Frank Simpson? He is the man who spoke to America and Europe listened. He is the man who wrote those soul stirring editorials on the Philadelphia Public Day Book that caused statesmen to stop each other on the streets and lobbys of Washington and ask 'Who is this general staff officer who writes these stories.'"

Frank Simpson has just returned from the blood stained fields of bleeding France and has written what he saw, as he saw it. He spent months in the trenches getting facts, FACTS and F-A-C-T-S. He was in the battle of Verdun where millions of shots were fired each day. The sight, sound and SMELL of Verdun are with him still. This is the only history of the war that Frank Simpson will ever write."

As far as I know it was the only history he ever wrote, but the question is, did any one ever read it?

Paardeburg Week:—The week of the 27th February was fittingly celebrated by the members of the Ottawa South African Veterans Association. On Sunday evening February 23rd the society under the leadership of Capt. G. H. A. Collins, V.D., P.L.D.G., the president, paraded to Chalmers United Church to listen to the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. J. Woodside. On the morning of Paardeburg Day they again paraded to the City Hall Square where the South African monument was draped with flags, also the Hart River gun. Wreaths were laid on the monument and the Last Post sounded by Bugle Major Chas. Day

the 38th Ottawa Highlanders. In the evening the annual banquet was held at Standish Hall, Hull, at which a large number were present. The association is in a flourishing condition and holds a high place among military organizations of the Capitol. The windows of several stores were decorated for the day, a picture of more than passing interest being that of a group of 10 members of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards who were part of 'D' Coy. the R.C.R. It is of interest also to remember that Pte. Teddy Deslauriers, who died on the voyage to Africa, being the first Canadian casualty, he was also a member of the P.L.D.G., and his rifle with a suitable plate on the butt occupies an honored place in the Sergeants Mess of the Dragoons.

Canon Ball:—The annual Canon Ball given by the Officers of the 1st Brigade C.F.A., was held in the mess on the evening of the 28th February. A large number of guests attended and were received by Mrs. C. H. MacLennan, Mds. Austin Gillies and Mrs. T. Williams, wife of the Officer Commanding the Brigade.

Sergeants' Dinner:—In commemoration of the affiliation of the Ottawa Cameron Highlanders with the famous 79th Queens Own Cameron Highlanders the sergeants of the local unit held an enjoyable dinner at their mess in the Drill Hall on the evening of the 28th ultimo. A special message was read from the Edinburgh sergeants and a group photograph presented with the names of the Sergeants inscribed thereon.

Now Secretary:—Major Palmer Wright, formerly of the P.L.D.G., has been appointed secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club.

General Hodgins Passes:—Genuine regret was felt throughout the city in the death of Major-Gen. W. E. Hodgins, C.M.G., V.D.,

which occurred the later part of February. General Hodgins who was 80 years of age had a long career starting in the Queens Own Rifles at Toronto, at the time of the Fenian Raid. He retired as Adjutant General in 1918. The service was held at All Saints church being taken by the Bishop of Ottawa, and Major the Rev. Channell Hepburn, M.C., chaplain of the Guards, which regiment the deceased formerly commanded. The body lay in state at the church and was guarded by four Guardsmen in full review order. The gun and led charger were furnished by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Lieut.-Colonel H. Willis O'Connor, D.S.O., represented His Excellency the Governor-General. Over 200 officers of the headquarters and garrison were present together with a large number of curiers representing the Ottawa rinks. The pall bearers were: Maj. General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brig.-Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brig.-Gen. C. F. Winter, Brigadier A. C. Caldwell, Col. J. T. Clarke, O.B.E.; Col. J. T. E. Gagnon, O.B.E.; Group Captain J. Lindsay Gordon, D.F.C., A.D.C. and Commander R. L. Edwards, R.N.

Pats Dinner:—The annual dinner of the Ottawa branch of the P.P.C.L. association was held on the evening of the 1st inst. in Standish Hall, Hull. A large number were present. The guest of the evening being Major-General J. H. MacBrien.

Comes East:—Beating my way home down Elgin street the other day I barged into Alastair John Crerar, late "Lootenant" the R. C.D. John tells me that he is forsaking the city under the mountain and is moving bag and baggage to Ottawa, where he will take over the job of Assistant Solicitor of the Department of Public Works. Hamilton's loss is Ottawa's gain.

Parliament Opened:—With all the solemn pomp and ritual of Canadian procedure the 1930 session of the Dominion Parliament opened to the tune of booming guns on the 20th of February. The P.L.D.G. escort brought the Governor General to the House and the Guard of Honor presented arms and the battery roared out the salute. Inside the chamber of

the Senate was a glorious galaxy of glittering girls, all dressed up with somewhere to go and accompanied by a multitudinous mob of

Tel. 353

GAITE FRANÇAISE

E. WAGNART, Prop.

Ice Cream, Tobacco, Bonbons, Postal Cards, Perfume, Library, Phonograph Records, Music, Flowers, Seeds.

270 Richelieu St. — St. Johns, Que.

If it's
Stationery
Get it at
H. BERNARD & FILS
52 Richelieu St. Johns Que.

MacDonald,
McPherson & Co.
Limited.
MINING BROKERS.

R. B. McPherson—Member Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.
Toronto Office—26 King St. W. (Tel. Elgin 6255-6-7.)
Montreal Office—(W. T. Fortye, Mgr.) 222 Hospital St. (Tel. MAR. 7785-6-7.)

Established in 1876 Tel 65
C. O. Gervais & Frere
Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries, Hardware, Glass, Oils, Paints and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail.

Victoria Independent Store
J. I. BILODEAU, Prop.

Grocer, Butcher,
Beer & Porter

57 Richelieu St. St. Johns
Tel. 346-743.

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith Co., Limited, General Printers, St. Johns, P.Q.

The Ideal GIFT

GRUEN WATCHES

**\$35 Wristlets we
fully recommend**

The impression is widespread that a Gruen Watch is necessarily expensive, yet here is one of several thoroughly reliable models in sturdy reinforced gold cases at only \$35.

Let us explain how Gruen obtains dependability with daintiness in this patented Cartouche movement.



J. P. Meunier

Jeweller and Optometrist,
Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que



Tel. 557 Office hours—9 to 12 a.m.
1 to 5 p.m.

DR. ARM. GERVAIS, D.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST

92 Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS



P.O. Box 963 Tel. 785

Ivan Sabourin B.C.L.
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

182a Richelieu St. ST. JOHNS
(Langlois Bldg.)

**Finest
Fresh Fruits.
Vegetables in Season.**

Wholesale and Retail.

A. MATTE,

19 Market Square, ST. JOHNS
66 2nd Ave. IBERVILLE

manicured mothers, all proud in thinking that their own particular bit of fluff was the season's best bet. The introduction of Canada's first lady member of the Senate was something for them to talk over, and after the Speech from the Throne had been delivered and His Excellency had retired accompanied by his stupendous staff they all trooped off to the Speakers of the Senate and the House had their own private tea parties. The Drawing Room the next evening was if anything a little better. An odd hundred officers lined the gangway and tried not to look too self conscious or fed up because their wives were in the gallery getting a front row show. But the said officers had ring side seats, or rather stands diplomatically speaking, and when the 1930 crop of debs fluttered nervously down the fairway there was lots of attention required so that one did not miss anything. They came down in a wonderful creation of this and that, with corsage bouquet to match, the whole trimmed with something else and of course veil and feathers. Mother stalked majestically behind looking like a benign goddess and humming under her breath "Here's my oldest daughter, take a look at her". Father came last with a silly grin on his face trying not to look happy. He was of course dressed in the conventional tails and boiled shirt, and, if he was lucky wore a cute little jag. Anyway it was a fine show of fair women and brave men, and when it was all over the military members made off to different messes, for a long overdue braiser and the Girls to dream of what had happened, and to get an earful from mother on what should have been done at various stated times.

The House had now settled down to its work and will no doubt wander along until warm days and open streams start the members thinking of how the old homestead looks and they will vanish off to the far ridings.

Sergeants' Dinner:—The Sergeants of the P.L.D.G. entertained at dinner on the 18th inst. A large number of guests were present including several ex-Commanding Officers, R.S.M., C. R. Lee, was in the chair.

PAARDEBERG DAY IN ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Paardeberg may not convey much to the majority of the present P.F. but those who were fortunate enough to be present at the celebration of the above, were able to imbibe something of the spirit of this great day that was duly honored by the small number of Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men of 'D' Coy. The R.C.R., February 27th, in the Garrison Gymnasium.

At 8.30 p.m. C.S.M. Basley, started things going with a few well chosen remarks on the part the Regiment had played in South Africa. The company then settled down to an entertaining program of songs and dances, liberally interspersed with toasts. The latter included besides the usual toasts: Lt. Col. Pope, C.M.G.; Major H. T. Cook, M.C., O.C., 'D' Coy; Maj. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D.; Maj. McCullough, Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C.

Just on the eve of midnight the company joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." After greetings all round the Officer's retired and after a few bottles of the "Sauce Nationale" a most enjoyable evening" officially terminated. A vote of thanks is due to the following for the splendid way in which they looked after the wants of their guests. C.S.M. Bazley, Sgt. Rayner, L/C. Charlie Ward, Ptes. Rowlands, Lewis.

Letters to the Editor

Winnipeg, Man.
Feb. 28th, 1930.

Dear Sir,

I can assure you Sir, that the "Goat" is very much appreciated in the Mess, especially by some of we "old timers" who served with 'B' Squadron in Toronto 20 odd years ago, and fraternised with the Regiment in Petawawa for many years.

Very respectfully yours, Sir,
D. A.
Sergt.-Maj. Inst.
R.C.S.A.

Sackville, N.B.,
Feb. 27th, 1930.

Dear Sir:

I look forward to receiving the Goat and enjoy each issue as it comes along and I think the idea is splendid as it keeps all Ex-Members of the regiment posted

as to what is going on. I feel sure that most of them at least feel as do,—a great interest in the R.C.Ds. and welcome this means of keeping in touch with its progress and activities.

Yours very truly,
D. S. FISHER.

"The Editor, "The Goat"
Cavalry Barracks
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed \$1.00 being my annual subscription to "The Goat," wishing The Goat all the success in the world.

I am,

Yours sincerely,
Dvr. M. C. B. Halperin,
No. 5 Detachment, R.C.A.S.C.

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

ST. JOHNS FURNITURE STORE



retain her youthful
charm and health
by lightening her

work with such
labor saving articles
as the



We have many labor saving devices
Naming a few—

Electric Washers
Electric Percolators
Electric Toasters
Electric Vacuum Cleaners

Look to us for everything you need in
your home.

Compare our prices with anywhere

LESIEUR & BROS
FURNITURE DEALERS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
169-171 Richelieu St.
ST. JOHNS QUE.

Obituary.

We note with regret the passing of Mr. Henry William Selby-Lowndes of Eltham, Kent, England on February 18th 1930. He had been Master of the East Kent Hunt for over thirty years. During the War many of the Canadian Officers were privileged to hunt with him.

Mrs. Annie Van Strauben-
zee, 90, granddaughter of the late Richard Cartwright, member of the first council of Upper Canada in 1792, died at her home, Beverley street, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Van Strauben-
zee was born in Kingston at the time it was chosen capital of the United Provinces, and lived there almost all her life. She is the cousin of Sir Richard Cartwright, who took part in Canadian Confederation. Her husband commanded the 100th Regiment of the British Army, being a native of Yorkshire, England. He was also adjutant-general of Canada from 1878 to 1895 and served in the Northwest rebellion in 1885. His other military service was in China and India. Two surviving sons of Mrs. Van Strauben-
zee are Gen. Sir Casimir Van Strauben-
zee, formerly Governor of Singapore, and Col. Arthur Hope Van Strauben-
zee, Royal Artillery, both graduates of the Royal Military College of Canada. Three unmarried daughters at home also survive. Mrs. Van Strauben-
zee was a life-long member of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, the first church of England congregation established in Upper Canada.

Mrs. Van Strauben-
zee was the mother of our former C.O. The late Lt.-Col. C. T. Van Strauben-
zee killed in action at Le Cateau in 1918. The regiment extends its heart felt sympathy to the family.

MEMORIAL WINDOW UN- VEILED

A tribute to the late General Sir William Otter, was rendered by a large representation of civil and military organizations on Sunday morning 16th February, 1930, at the St. John's Garrison Church, Toronto, when a Memorial Window was unveiled and dedicated.

The window was unveiled by Col. H. J. Grasett and dedicated by the Bishop of Toronto, The Rt.

Rev. Bishop Sweeney.

The church was crowded to its capacity. The Governor General of Canada was represented by Col. H. E. Kirkpatrick, A.D.C. The Lt.-Governor of Ontario, the District Officer Commanding, M.D., No. 2, Major-Gen. E. C. Ashton, C. M.G., V.D., and Staff. The Daughters of The Empire, Royal Canadian Dragoons, The Royal Canadian Regiment, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Veterans of 1866 and Corps of Commissioners also attended.

The Trumpeters of the R.C.D. sounded Last Post and the Buglers of the Q.O.R. sounded Reveille during the service.

The special service was decidedly impressive and a glowing tribute to the late General Otter was paid by Rev. J. Russell McLean, Rector of the Garrison Church who preached the sermon.

CANADIAN NAVY LOSSES A UNIT

Victoria, B.C., March 1.—H.M.C.S. Thiepval, mine sweeper, which ran aground on an uncharted rock in Barclay Sound, off the west coast of Vancouver Island, on Thursday night, slipped off the rock this morning into deep water and sank in 20 fathoms. There is no sign of the ship. She lies in what is known as "the graveyard of the Pacific."

No effort will be made to raise the vessel as she is considered by salvage and naval officials as a total loss.

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

This is one of the hardest tasks for most of us. Of course, some who read this will scoff. Well, good luck to them. They are folk apart from the average.

The chances are that when one or two, who have not the slightest difficulty in getting up in the morning, summer, or winter, for most of us it is far from easy, especially after the night before. Of course, we who are going to do it every minute, and do not are weak-very weak. We ought not to dwell on it; it is a bad habit. If we made up our minds to get up at a certain hour—and did so—the task would not be so hard. If you could only hear "Heavy" most every morning whistling, "Little Annie Rooney" around 5.30 a.m., you would

Everything for WINTER SPORTS

Now is the time to select your

SKIS SKATES and CLOTHING

We have a very large and varied selection of everything for winter sports.

If you are out of town, just send us the size you wish and we shall send you goods that will please you at the price required.

Write for Price List.

Murray & Co. Inc.
1247 McGill College Ave.
Montreal.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

St. Johns, P.Q. Branch

Soldier's Business

Money grows when deposited in our Savings Bank Department. A regular monthly Deposit of \$5 with this Bank will amount to \$188.37 at the end of three years.

Open an account now, we welcome small as well as large ones. Capital \$29,798,010—Surplus \$29,798,010.

certainly get up, and tell him to shut up, and this is as true as gospel. After all; the doing is merely a habit, and those who have mastered it, have the admiration of all of us, not forgetting our friend Jimmy Rusty,—he does enjoy an extra five minutes,—But there is more in this getting-up business than we quite realize. A good get-up in the morning is a fine foundation for the day's success. A hasty get-up, and more than likely a hasty dash to the stables, means that the Sgt.-Major is already waiting for "yer." That is too bad. It upsets your judgment but it is the cause of much pleasure for our friend Carpenter, and more so for those who have just escaped making ice on he Rink on a half holiday.

She Must Have Blushed!

Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, who was the Prime Minister's host for part of his visit tells the following story:

A gushing American society woman was talking to the Ambassador.

"We do so love the English," she declared. "How different they are from these Italians and dagoes and people! You and Lady Howard are so perfectly English we just adore you!"

"That's very kind of you," replied Sir Esme. "My wife is an Italian."

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

Chapter X

While the matter contained in this chapter covers a period during which I was not serving with the Regiment, I feel that through my association with the Reserve Cavalry Depot, it should be included in my memoirs. Our Reserve Squadron was stationed at Shorncliffe and as my work with the Director of Recruiting and Organization brought me frequently in touch with them, the connection is established. Furthermore, in the light of after events, petty quarrels and omitties which took place during my term in England, played an important part on my return to France.

Much criticism has been made of the establishment of a Recruiting and Organization Office at Folkestone and of its chief Officer, Colonel Frank Reid. I take this opportunity of stating that while my training as a Permanent Force Officer made certain regulation and behaviour seem ridiculous at the time, before I severed by connection with his Office, I had nothing but admiration for the thorough system he had established. I am afraid my first encounter with Colonel Reid was anything but auspicious. Presenting myself at his Office, on orders from General Macdougall, I was waiting at the foot of the stairs when a large man in shirt sleeves, came down. Not paying any particular attention to him, I was startled to hear a loud voice ask me to what Regiment I belonged; Replying to this enquiry from my rotund interrogator, he asked "Don't they teach you to salute your superior Officers?" Replying that they did and I had no means of knowing who he was without tunic or rank badges, I received a grunt in reply and found to my dismay that it was my Chief-to-be. It took some little time to wipe out the memory of this "faux pan" but eventually it was smoothed over.

I was attached to the Attestation Paper Branch and soon had an opportunity of seeing what

system was necessary to untangle the many problems which came up. Let me explain here that each man had three sets of attestation papers on which was marked all the information considered necessary for his Records during his future service. One set was kept in Canada, one set retained by his Unit, and one set forwarded to the Director of Recruiting and Organization on arrival in England. Nominal Rolls were also forwarded from Canada, and it was the duty of my department to check over Attestation Papers with the Nominal Rolls, make notes of incomplete addresses, wrong numbers, etc., and visit each unit to check matters with the Regimental Office. Furthermore, on Pay Days, all Units in the Folkestone Area, were paraded and their Nominal Rolls checked, Regimental Records inspected and a report made to the G.O.C. Folkestone Command.

The work was interesting and instructive, and it was easily discernable, what carelessness existed at recruiting depots and in Regimental Offices. Naturally, the Officer detailed for these inspections was not over popular with Regimental Officers and many an Adjutant sweated blood over discrepancies in numbers he had difficulty in accounting for. Colonel Reid was insistent on minuteness and it was not only necessary to account for the absence of a man from Roll Call as "In Hospital" or "In Detention," but I was required to name the Hospital and date of admission or the date of sentence in the latter instance.

At the Reserve Cavalry Depot, owing to constant changes in arrivals and departures the records were mostly in bad shape and much difficulty was experienced in accounting for absences. Reports to this effect were frequently made and eventually the Officer in Command, Lt.-Col. Patterson of the Fort Garry Horse, Complained that he was being discriminated against by a Permanent Force Officer. This of course, was ridiculous, and though the R.C.D. were naturally in better order, it

mattered little what other units were inspected.

On account of this incident, which on investigation by Colonel Reid and the G.O.C. proved foundationless and only brought out the fact that the Regimental Documents were in a worse state than reported, a personal animosity was born which spread to the Regiment and was marked during the period Colonel Patterson was G.O.C. of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

My work took me to Bramshott Camp where I met many of the 2nd Division and 3rd and saw Major Walker Bell who had gone as Staff Captain to Lord Brook, the commanding a Brigade I might here record an incident which seemed amusing at the time. Having been fortunate enough to meet a very charming lady at the Hotel in Bramshott, who had been on a visit to an Officer in Camp, I was having dinner with her in the dining room, when Major Clifford, the Canadian A.P.M. London Area, entered. After dinner, he sent an officer around to me with the information that my dinner partner was quite well known in London and that he thought I had better refrain from clarging on my acquaintance. The following morning, when escorting the lady to the train, I saw a chance to get even. I saw at a glance that all the seats were occupied as the train pulled in, except in the carriage reserved for Major Clifford. Waiting till the train was just moving, I opened the door and with a cheery "Here's a seat" thrust her in. As there was no stop before London, I knew that the arrival of the A.P.M. there would create a sensation when his echorts saw his travelling companion and I learned afterwards that such was the case.

In January 1916, I heard that the Regiment might be remounted and immediately wrote to Colonel Nelles asking to return. Life in England was very nice but it was not what I joined for. On January 18th I saw in the Honour List that Colonel Nelles had been awarded the C.M.G. and in my mail received a letter from him telling me to rejoin at once. I went to Colonel Reid and General Macdougall and arranged to go over on the first draft called for. On January 24th a severe air raid took place on Dover with heavy casualties and the night was a series of explosions

and anti aircraft gunfire. The following day two Taubes raided Folkestone at noon but were driven off without damage, I received orders to be ready to leave on the 2nd of February for France and spent the remaining time in packing and getting news of the Regiment from Caldwell and Muirhead who were on leave, the latter on his way back to Canada on Command.

On January 31st I received a message to report to the Embarkation Officer at once and on so doing was informed that I was to cross to Boulogne at 3 p.m. Accompanied by Don Fisher who was also rejoining and "Donnie" Grant who was reporting from the Reserve Squadron to say nothing of "Pete" an Airdale I had recently purchased. I left on schedule and joined up at the Folkestone Hotel in Boulogne with Newcomen who was on leave and who verified the report re our horses, and told us we were now with the Indian Cavalry Corps. During the excitement, "Pete" got lost and was not retrieved until 9 a.m. the following morning just as we were about to entrain for Longpre. After trying delays en route, during which "Terry" Newcomen possessed himself of an Irish Setter, we arrived at Longpre and the following morning went by motor lorry to Tully where the Regimental Headquarters was established. Fisher and Newcomen went to "A" Squadron and Grant and I were sent to "B" Squadron where I found myself second in command to "Timmy" with Grant, Whitehead, Cunningham and Jarvis as troop officers.

THE PARABLE OF THE EXILE

And it came to pass that a young man did once, enlist himself in a regiment of Horse, and after many trials, and tribulations, was exalted to the rank of Sergeant by the "Chief of the Horse Regiment" and he became the proud possessor of a house, that he had built by his own hands and with great assistance from his worthy spouse. He did then, after many years improve greatly the same, and also become the proud possessor of an "Iron Horse" or what was known in those days as a "Tin Lizzie" or "Gas Buggy".

And it came to pass that the

"Chief of the Horse Regiment" spoke unto this sergeant saying: "Though shalt pack up all thy belongings, and those of thy spouse, together with thine "Horse of Iron" and shall journey to a far city, called St. Jean where thou wilt sojourn with other of thy brethren of this same Regiment.

And by disposing of his Iron Horse to one, a civilian, in return for many pieces of silver he did travel to the so called city of St. Jean and was welcomed by other of his regiment who themselves had also been exiled from the headquarters of their Chief.

On his entering this town of St. Jean (which had been highly praised by his Chief and others of his brothers as a wonderful place) he was amazed to hear the people around him talking in a foreign tongue but was comforted by one brother known as "Heavy" who translated for him that which was spoken unto him. Both he and his spouse did take up their residence in this "City of foreign tongues" and after many months had passed they were many times asked by the

other exiles, and their friends, how they did like this new city where in they dwelt, and they in their turn did wax exceedingly eloquent in their opinion of this new and wonderful city (the like of which they had never before encountered) and fervently prayed that they never would again, and among those other exiles was one named Freddie, or he of the (voice of thunder) who at times would wax exceeding wrath, declaring in loud and stentorian tones his abhorrence of this "City of the Dead," and at times another of the exiles known as "Tiny" would partake of an over abundance of the "juice of the vineyard" and would voice his opinion also, raising his hands to heaven, and calling on the Gods to send fire and water, to destroy this ancient wilderness.

But all things good, and bad have their ending, and all of these exiles are eagerly looking forward to the day when their days of exile shall be ended, and they will be able to return rejoicing, to the place from where they were exiled which they all fervently hope may be soon.

A GENEROUS OFFER

The old lady kept a little grocer's shop. For several months she had been foolish enough to allow a certain gentleman credit. But as he had shown no signs of settling his account she had been persuaded to bring the case to court.

"What can you pay?" asked the judge, turning to the defendant.

The defendant elected not to answer. Thereupon the judge gave his attention to the plaintiff.

"What will you take?" he inquired. The old lady produced an ear-trumpet and leant over in his direction.

"Eh?" she said.

"What will you take?" the judge repeated.

A sudden look of happiness came over the old woman's face.

Oh, I wasn't expectin' to be asked!" she chirped. "But since you're so kind, sir, I'll take a wee drop o' gin."

Foolish Question

"Did you miss that train sir?" asked the porter.

"No! I didn't like the look of it, so I chased it out of the station."

Some Squadron Definitions.

1. The Lance-Corporal:—

This is the soldier's first step up from the common herd. He then becomes somebody very important, is allowed into a small room in the Canteen called the 'Corporals' Mess,' and order his beer through a different hatch from the troopers.

2. The Batman:—

He is a most valuable cog in the Military machine, for without him it is doubtful whether there would be any officers at all. He is the man who is responsible for getting his own particular officer up in the morning and launching him forth neatly dressed and with a clean pocket handkerchief into a cold and excessively early world.

3. The Mess Waiter:—

He is in the first place detailed for the job by the Sergeant-Maj. because he happens to be or is a platelayer by trade. When the officers mess have trained him sufficiently not to join in the conversation at dinner and only to play

WALZEN PASTRY

- IT IS THE BEST - -

Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.

Billiards when there are no officers present he is usually transferred to the Sergeants Mess.

4. The Signaller:—

This is a soldier who through some happy gift of Providence is able to distinguish 'A' from 'G', 'I' from 'X', etc. when wig-wagged by flags from a distance. He is always due for signal practice when required for some lowly fatigue. Humourously called by the ribald soldierly, "The brains of the army" he takes this as literal and never fails to impress all and sundry with his own brilliance and importance.

5. The Farrier:—

The farrier is a useful man but rarely seen on parades. When he does reluctantly appear on a full-strength inspection, it is generally found that he has lost his great-coat, his sword has rusted into the scabbard, and he is wearing elastic-sided boots. This supplies the Sgts. Mess with a fertile topic of conversation.

6. The Defaulter:—

He is a man, who, owing to no fault of his own, but rather owing to the vindictive L/Cpl. who is jealous of his superior attainments, has found himself up at the Squadron Orderly room, and has there failed to make his Squadron Commander realize the truth.

7. The Sergeant-Major:—

He can always be distinguished by the fact that he conducts light conversation at fifty yards range, generally with a kindred spirit like the Quarter-master. If in the heat of the moment he raises his voice, he is liable to blow a fuze in the neighboring Powder-magazine.

8. The Regimental Sergt.-Major:—

As above, but for "fifty" read "seventy-five", and "a fuze" read "two fuzes."

9. The pay sergeant:—

According to himself he is an overworked and underpaid slave, but according to his friends he is a lazy—who never does a parade. According to the brutal and licentious soldiery he is a budding millionaire, or ought to be with his opportunities.

10. The Orderly Sergeant:—

A Non-Commissioned Officer who for a week or so at a time performs the dignified duties of an errand

boy. He is always in everything that is going on, and delivers his version of it in one long sentence without wavering or punctuation, in a kind of rough voice that takes the glaze off foolscap: Sir, on the nineteenth—instant—on—or—about—eight-thirty—day—hem—I—was—Orderly—Sergeant—of—"A"—Squadron—I—see—accused—not-shaved—I—say—you—ain't-shaved—'e—say—no—I—ain't-shaved—I—say—why—ain't—you-shaved—you—for—office—this—morning.

11. The messing Officer:—

He is expected to run a sort of cross between a Sunday school treat and a Guildhall Banquet. Whatever he succeeds in doing someone will have a complaint.

12. The Quarter-master Sergeant:—

No barracks is complete without a Quarter-master. In such moments as he has to spare from either starting rumours or verifying them, he issues clothing to the troops. His idea of a part-worn great coat is a literal one. Generally there is only a part of the coat left and that has certainly been very much worn. For deep calling to deep see under Sgt.-Major.

13. The Mess Secretary:—

The Mess Secretary is everyone's prey. Everything can be blamed on him from the fact that one's batman's idea of darning socks is that of a "Chain-mail Repairer, Class III, unskilled," to the lack of hot water in one's late morning cold bath. For those who are of too Junior rank to be rude to him during meals, a suggestion book is placed in the Ante-Room.

14. The Adjutant:—

He must be able, at the same time, to sign returns, and ask the S.S.M. what the dickens, 'Moon Mullins' was doing signing "I'm tired and I wanna go to bed" at 4.00 a.m. outside the Married Quarters. He is a useful intermediary between the Junior Officers and the Colonel in such matters as "Tours of Duty" and Leave. Properly handled it is estimated that this last is worth about five hundred dollars a year to him.

A FACT

Tell the next man there is a million stars to be seen with the naked eye, and he'll take your word for it without trying to count them. Show him a sign with "Wet Paint" and he'll insist on seeing whether it really is wet.

Old Comrades Association "A" Squadron.

At a general meeting of Officers, N.C.O.'s. and men of 'A' Squadron held at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on March 14th it was decided to go ahead with the organization of a branch of the Old Comrades Association here. This move was started last Summer but circumstances prevented anything being done till now. A tentative committee has been appointed pending the first general meeting which will be held at the first re-union to be held at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on the first Saturday in May. If every ex-member of the regiment now residing in Montreal or any point East of there will communicate at once with the acting secretary Staff, Sgt. W. C. Hare, R.C.D., Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., it will facilitate organization arrangements and will help bring our list of Old Comrades living in Eastern Canada up to date. The hearty co-operation of ex-officers, N.C.O.'s. and men Old Comrades all, is looked for.

D'ye Ken John Peel.

OLD AND POPULAR SONG

Sung Everywhere Englishmen Are Gathered—How Song Came To Be Written.

London.—One hundred years ago a comparatively obscure man wrote a song about someone of merely local fame, and today that song is to be heard in the back-woods of America, in the gold mines of South Africa, in the fore-castle of ships, and everywhere where Englishmen are gathered.

The song is "D'ye ken John Peel," and the author John Woodcock Graves.

The circumstances of the writing of the song were given by Graves in an autobiographical fragment. He writes "We (that is Graves and Peel) sat by the fireside, hunting over again many a good run and recalling the feats of each particular hound, when a flaxen-haired daughter came in, saying: 'Father, what do they say to what Granny is singing?' Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son with an old rant called 'Bon-

nie Annie.' The pen and ink for the hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced impromptu 'D'ye ken John Peel.' I well remember saying in a joking style: 'By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.'

Popular Everywhere

A prophecy which has been fulfilled more than Graves realized.

The song became popular in Cumberland, for Peel lived at Caldbeck, and when it was sung at the annual dinner of Cumbrians in London with a setting by the choir-master of Carlisle Cathedral, it took the country by storm.

It was sung in India, and at Lucknow was heard in the soldier's camp, and has accompanied Englishmen round the world.

John Peel, himself, would have been delighted to know that it was in connection with hunting that he is immortal, for his heart and soul were in the field.

John was a fine figure of a man, and his grey coat set him off to advantage. A sculptor is said to have followed him all round the market because he was so well formed.

The hounds mentioned in the song, "Ruby, Ranter, Ringwood and Bellman," could interpret every word and wish of their master, and cringed for days if they thought he was angry with them.

John Peel died in 1854, and was buried beside the stream across which he so often led his hounds. Some of his relations still live in the district to prove that the world-famous John was not a mystery but was a real flesh and blood yeoman of Cumberland.

"Shooting Stars."

By GESS-HOO!

Having made the discovery that there is much money in the Rifle Association, we decide that, we will repair to Long Branch, in an effort to spend some of it, and share the rest among those who put themselves worthy.

Accordingly, we enquire of the R.C.A.S.C. whether they can spare some transportation, and the trip to Long Branch is climbing to the

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Leaders of Society smoke
Player's—because they realize that

The name Player on
a cigarette guarantees
the quality and
purity of the tobacco.

It is more than a name
—it is a reputation.

*Player's
Please*



**CORK TIPPED OR
PLAIN ENDS**



embarking of troops to a battle scared land. The R.C.A.S.C. supply us with a would be H.O.D. Segrave (at no expense to the public) and we are conveyed to the scene of strife, (at great danger to the public.)

Arriving at Long Branch, we collect ammunition, telephones, red flags, and much advice, and we disport ourselves on the ranges, in front of the targets.

'Tis here that the veterans of many a Crusade show their battle. A young soldier, who is trying to gather up sufficient nerve to ask which end of the rifle the bullet comes out of, watches some old sweat smoke his sights, and nearly reduces his own rifle to a mass of iron and ashes in an attempt to do the same.

Or else, you will find another young fellow watching Duffy using his sling as a support with the result that he half strangles himself in an effort to imitate.

The next step is the dividing into classes of the competitors. Here it is that proven men display alarming modesty. Men who made possible scores at camp, look sheepish and claim that they are 3rd class shots, and even go so far as to display their sleeves which are devoid of crossed rifles, although in some cases a few stitches left in, give the game away.

However, after a council of war has been held, presided over by the Sgt. Major, who has information "Straight from the Horses Mouth," as to what you got at camp (Certainly not what you made,) the shoot is on.

During the ensuing couple of hours or so, the weather is curse i, rifles are sworn at, and expressions of love are cast upon those earning \$1.50 at the butts. Practically all shots are challenged, with no results, and after a lot more hot criticism we adjourn for lunch.

The lunch is partaken of in an almost lerie silence. Your neighbour ask your score, and if you made more than he did, he considers himself grossly insulted, and flatly refuses to pass you the sandwiches, and also does not speak to you for a week, unless you happen to win some money.

After lunch, there is much demand for "four-by-two, and pull thoughts. The Engineer (Royal) is somewhat taken aback when he discovers that the only armourer tools he has brought with him are

a cork-screw, and a bottle opener, tools of vital importance in many cases, but not of much use in pulling through a rifle. However, we believe he pulls his through with a pipe-cleaner.

About 3.30 p.m. the shoot is over, and the grand summing up takes place, and men made of stern stuff wilt and grow white haired in an effort to make 24 plus 27 — 61 while the lesser experienced men devote much time and thought to making two magpies an outer and a miss equal 12.

After lengthy estimation, we return to Barracks, satisfied that we have either won a prize but for Duffy numbling in his beard at your elbow, you would have won several prizes.

Those of us who did not win a prize treat the "markers" with withering scorn, and ignore them completely, until such time as they get paid, when we intend sufficiently to try and borrow "four bits."

Moral: All shooting stars are not in the Heavens.

Centenary of Metropolitan Police.

One hundred years ago, on the 25th of May 1826 the present splendid force of men known the world over as The Metropolitan Police came into existence.

To celebrate this century work, over 13,000 men inspected on Saturday afternoon by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who afterwards took the salute as the force marched past the main gate of Buckingham Palace.

Headed by General Lord Byng of Vimy, who I am sure was as popular in Canada during his term of office, as he is in London amongst all ranks of the fine force of which he is now the Chief Commissioner, and who made a very striking figure in his blue and silver 'review order.' The whole force marched from Hyde Park to Horse Guards Parade, and after giving "eyes right" to His Royal Highness, they were no doubt equally proud to go "eyes left" to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who watched them go by from a dias that had been erected outside the entrance to Clarence House in the Mall.

Immediately behind the Chief Commissioner came 100 mounted

He Mailed a Coupon Like This



Canadian Kriss-Kross Company, Dept. R.C.D., 13
39 Wellington St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of a 3-Way razor without extra charge.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____
() Check here if interested in becoming representative

and it Brought Him 1129 Cool Shaves from One Single Blade!



Another triumph for KRISS-KROSS—The Amazing Shaving Invention That Makes Old Razor Blades Than New! Mr. T. Liddle, of Illinois, writes:—"I have been using one of your stroppers since May, 1924. I shave every morning and am STILL ON MY FIRST BLADE!"

No wonder KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical increase in shaving comfort and economy. For now at last it has captured a secret that has baffled inventors for years. Reproduces barber's flip-flop diagonal stroke with more than human accuracy. Gives any safety razor blade the keenest cutting making an exceptional offer of a surprising new razor for the shickest shave of your entire career!

SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER
Right now—to advertise KRISS-KROSS—we are giving its steel can take! And in 11 seconds you are kind of razor FREE to every new booster for KRISS-KROSS! This "mystery razor" is absolutely unique (really three razors in one) and cannot be bought in stores.

Find out about it to-day. Send the coupon above for details of free offer and illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS. No obligation. Mail it now!

CANADIAN KRISS-KROSS COMPANY
39 Wellington St. E. Toronto 2, Ont.

AGENTS! \$30 A DAY AND UP

KRISS-KROSS pays as high as \$30 a day and more to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn \$5-\$12 extra an evening.

Generous bonus and commissions—requires no capital to start—and is paying others as high as \$5,000 a year! Investigate now! Check bottom line of coupon above for details. Mail it to-day!

DO IT NOW

WONDER
BREAD

JAMES M. AIRD'S

AND
CAKES

The Bread with the flavour.

ANTHONY MOLE

HARDWARE MERCHANT

534 Queen Street, West
TORONTO

TELEPHONE—TRINITY 0333

PROMPT DELIVERY PRICES RIGHT

police, and they were well mounted and knew it.

A long body of divisions in columns of eights followed, each district headed by a mounted Chief Constable and each division by its superintendent.

A smart detachment of River Police brought up the rear, and these splendid fellows who do so much valuable and often dangerous work on the Thames were in many cases unknown to the spectators.

Variety did not end here though, for long before the march advanced towards the Palace the waiting crowds there were being entertained by a very smart pipe band in all the glory of Highland kit. The Metropolitan Police Pipe Band.

Opposite the saluting point were drawn up a body of 40 women police. Smart and serviceable they looked and I suppose they would consider it unprofessional to be referred to as "charming."

From the belfries of the churches of St. Martins-in-the-fields and St. George's Westminster came the merry peal of bells the whole time the review was on, and these were being pulled by the Metropolitan Police Guild of Bellringers.

The whole of the review ground and the line of route was kept by the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve, which is a kind of Volunteer Police Force, in the rank of which are many serving Peer's and Parson's, Bookies and Barrister's, in fact all classes of people in London are taking up this branch of unpaid and Volunteer service, which "en passant" the writer has just joined up with.

A detachment of Parisian Police came across the Channel to be with their good comrades the "Mets" on this auspicious occasion and the genial Frenchman

were obviously delighted with the reception the crowds gave them everywhere. It was a great day celebrating the centenary of a great force of men, in whom despite recent happening, Londoners have every confidence, and it was easy to gauge by the smiling and happy faces of the crowds and the remarks passed as the troops—I beg your pardon—the divisions came by, that the Metropolitan Police still retain their hold on the affections of the public and their right to the old title of "London's finest."

F. J. Dee.

Some Reminiscences of the Royal School of Instruction, Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, 1889.

Dear Jimmy Dee,

Your article, "Illustrated Reminiscences," was doubly interesting to me, as I am well acquainted with those first numbers of the "Navy and Army" Illustrated, and can recognise and name several of the Officers, and N.C.O.'s. of "B" Squadron, that appear in the photographs, commencing in 1889 when "B" Sqn. were Mounted Rifles. I may mention, I was in Winnipeg in the Spring of 1887 and immediately spotted the Mounted Rifles in the City, because they wore Red and Blue toques later they wore Black Seal Caps with Red Cloth bags. Their uniform was same as the R.C.R.'s. with Beaver badges and Glengarry Caps for walking out in Summer, with piece of red cloth under the handsome cap badge. For Mounted duties, Blue Cloth breeches, with broad red cloth stripe, long pants for walking out in Summer, for riding in Winter heavy duffle stockings, with Meccasins if below zero. If you saw a little red flag stuck in the snow outside the Main Gate Guard Room, it denoted that the order of dress was Meccasins. The guard noted the thermometer and took record a high felt and rubber soled overshoes, was also worn with the duffle stockings. The officers had fine felt high boots. Prisoners when working out of doors, had grey busbys, made of badger I think, gauntlets of spotted B.C. Seal were worn in Winter. The

Alfred Beauchamp

127 St. James St.,

Meat Market

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Prompt Delivery.

Tel. 233.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 584

St. Johns



Where your requirements will best served with Correctness in Military Detail. Only address necessary—The Aldershot Stores, 25 Wellington St. Aldershot, England.

Sergeant on Main Gate wore a Buffalo Coat (that is one, the Private is wearing in the picture on page 67 Vol. VI.) He is not "shorty Steer," I remember his face, but not his name. The Buffalo Coat was replaced later, by coats made of Cattle Hide, same as Mounted Police for Sentry's the arms carried were the Snider rifle and sword bayonet, as side arm They had to carry this rifle Mounted; in their fist they were often termed 9 pds. Field guns; you would know all about it, doing Mounted rifle evolutions with these curses. Buckets for them, with slings, followed later. In Winter wooden stirrups were used covered with Buffalo hair, which

was a fine idea. Long woolen scarfs were also worn, when below zero. Belts, Pouches and Bandoliers were of brown leather.

Sergeants wore sashes. The Fort consisted of, long clap-boarded huts, in parallel rows; white washed, with a porch at entrance and lamp and number.

The huts inside were trussed with Iron rods, a temptation to gymnasts. There was a cubicle at each end, for Sergeants. The heating was by egg shaped bodied, coal stoves, one at the end of each hut. These huts were originally built for the Mounted Police in 1882. In 1887 it was still to be seen as part of the Stockade, that surrounded the H.B. store. (Lower Fort Gar-

ry.) The D.O.C. was Col. Villier's a very smart French looking old man, with white hair and Imperial—The Commandant was "Papity Taylor," an old Crimean Officer, very cushy and indulgent to the men. He allowed as many men as possible to go on furlough in the Fall, so that they could go Threshing and add to their pay, because wages were high, and labour scarce those days, every one was very independent—and some of the boys stayed away, well,—quite a while—until arrested and sent back, or brought back. However, if there was no serious crime against a man, the dear old Colonel overlooked these lapses. The Winter's, sent most of them back. The colonel even used to allow a few to take out their troop horses on a Sunday for a ride in the County. It was rumoured that 2 or 3 horses might be seen at the hitching post, or in the shed, out at the houses of the Ladies of Pleasure—a few miles west of the city—so the privilege was stopped.

In 1889 I visited the Fort. The R.S.M. was "Ingram," from the Connaught Rangers, a thorough soldier, a blonde, and very nice man—Col. Taylor was dead, and the new Commandant was Capt. Heward from the School of Caval-

ry, Quebec. Things then began to change. A lot of Court Martials, and desertions. I took a long course (Cavalry) when the transition from Mounted Rifles to Cavalry was being considered and it was at last decided they should be Dragoons. Through the Minister of Militia, Boul,—Boyles, who paid a trip west; the North side portion of huts were demolished, and a brick block erected, which, was considered then, luxurious quarters, especially as there was baths in the basement, and sanitation by drainage. An N.C.O.'s Mess was also built, and new hospital, opposite the Main Gate Guard Room. A few of the old huts were left standing in 1896.

The barn on North side of Fort was of lumber, double doors in centre, and at ends. On Sundays, immediately after Church Parade was dismissed, the men doubled to their huts took off their spurs and side arms, and came to Stables and stood to his horse with Nose-bag, that had already been filled by the stable fatigue, made up of all who could elude Church Parade, by hook or by crook, mostly by crook. They had bedded the horses up to their knees, and to keep the straw neat behind the long rows of horses a plaited rope border

was laid down outside this, a margin of white wash along the whole length of the stables, with the Regimental crest stencilled on the floor at the end.

All this kept the fatigue good and busy, under the Farrier Sgt. The saddles, and steel had mostly been cleaned Saturday afternoon and night; and "titivated up," Sunday morning. The Commandant and Officers, accompanied often with some ladies, walked through the stables, inspecting and admiring the rows of burnished saddles, steel, and whitened head ropes. And I must confess, that to a youth with any spirit, there is nothing more inspiring than the smell of horses, and appearance of saddlery put up for inspection, in a Cavalry, or Battery Stable. After Inspection, the 3 Trumpeters, under the Trumpet Major sounded "feed." The horses had been previously watered by stable fatigue. Each man tipped his nose-bag and contents, into the iron feed bin, and after "dismiss," beat it to his hut again, just as the last notes of "dinner" were sounding.

The saddles were of Crimean day's pattern, with high wooden Cantles and heavy sweet pads.

The "Universal" was issued I think in 1893, with their

panels and blankets and new pattern long rifle bucket. Cruppers had been discarded for obvious reasons but breastplates were retained, and a new lighter pattern used. I had Snider Carabine, supposed to be fired over the bridle arm when Mounted. The sword was of Crimean day's pattern, with Guard composed of 3 open curved steel pieces, the drill consisted of "Circular Guards," "Cuts, Guards and Points," and "Pursuing Practice." The "Engage," was "Right-Defend." It makes one smile now. One of the smartest N.C.O.'s was Sergt. Jack Murdoch, late 3rd King's Own Hussars. He had served also in Donsdale's Horse in the Beuchanan Force in 1880 and I think in Egypt.

Also in U.S. Cavalry in Fort Leavenworth, etc., a smart drill Sgt., was Jack, and he could make a sword sing. The S.M. Instructor's were Young and Hobbirk, both of whom went to Canterbury for Cavalry Course, on being made Dragoons.

The Adjutant was Capt. Evans. He was the first Officer to take a Cavalry Course in England and was attached to a Dragoon Guard Regiment. I think, at Aldershot, for 6 months. Lieut. Williams

"We have a yellow wagon on every street--every morning."

MILK--that is Pure, Clean, Rich always.

CREAM--fresh from the finest farms in Ontario.

BUTTERMILK--a wonderful health drink.

BUTTER--churned fresh daily from Pure Sweet Cream.

"CERTIFIED MILK"--from our own herd of tuberculin-tested Holstein and Guernseys at City Dairy Farms, New Lowell.

ICE CREAM--Plain and fancy in bulk or bricks or individual servings.

City Dairy

Spadina Cres.,

Toronto.

(now Gen'l, Williams,) went next. He was great on the Hockey Team and a keen player.

The D.O.C. of 1896 I remember was Colonel Holmes, a thorough gentleman. He came from B.C. of course there were a lot of outstanding characters those early days, amongst them I shall always remember the redoubtable and fire-eating Boxer. He was a relation to Gen. Boxer, a Crimean Officer who invented the Boxer fuse, cartridge, etc. Boxer was a thin rake, 6 feet, 3 inches, black as a nigger with a long skinny neck, and black tooth-brush moustache. When in his cups, fierce, his grimace would make a cat laugh. His two side-kicker's, were Teddy Woolcombe, the son of a Clergyman and Lewis ("Bug-juice") Lewis was bald, a varsity man, a dear chap. He was made a staff clerk, so was "Curley Jones," of N.S. who went to Ottawa in 1893 I think. Then there was a tall slim youth Jesse James, who had his jaw smashed in the Spring, by a kick, when about to pick out the hind hoof of a horse who had been fed. James was Postal Orderly, for a long time. A snap only given to the steadiest and non drinkers, or who could hold their beer.

Gentleman Barker (Officers Mess) who was always talking of the Hen Ranch he was going to retire to mild and cushy, Corpl. Passy; and Sgt. Blondy Skinner.

The Irish element was represented by Provost Sergeant, "Rory

O'Moore," straight as a ram rod. Dear old Rory, a good sport. The (2) O'Callahan, brothers, Trumpeters. Tom Duffy late 19th Hussars and good natured, red, fat faced. Joe Maine, the Sqn., cook, late R.E.'s. and 8th King's Irish Hussars. Col. Evans, used to swear by Joe Maine's alibi, when on "Active Service" especially.

The trumpet Major was "Billy Judges" born in the army, at Woolwich. His father in the R.A. he could make a Bugle or Trumpet speak with his thin lips, and immense cheeks. "Billy" was so fat, that no pair of Cavalry long boots, would pull on over his calves.

The saddler had to open the seam at the back and insert what they call a quessett. Billy once organized a Mounted Band for the Exhibition. Some said, that Western Range Horses, would not stand for the Kettle-drums, etc., on their sides; or tolerate their ears being blared into by Bassoons, Trombones, and Cornets. He also got up theatrical sketches in the recreation room. A certain dear young fellow, (now a C. of E. Cannon, at Sherbrooke, Que.) was his leading lady, I may state.

Judges, made a great darkie, and banjo man. The Farrier Serget's name, was Timmero, a nice grey-haired man; always very pleasant to those really fond of, and interested in Horses. In winter, before going out, horses hoofs were stopp'd with S. soap, to prevent balling up in the awful deep snow of the 80's and 90's, and you got a snow ball in the face, when galloping in file, which of course was against orders. So many horses getting badly caked in exercise rides in Fort Rouge suburbs.

A particularly fascinating friend of mine, was the pay-master Sgt. and Orderly Room clerk, Georgie Stewart. He was a little dapper, blue eyed, silver haired Scotchman, from Dundee. Georgie had quite a history. He had been stationed first in the Channel Islands, the Mecca for retired Officers. He had served in the Gordon Highlanders in the Zulu War 1879, (Medal.) He had mounted guard over "King Ceteways," after he was taken prisoner, as Georgie was attached to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, and the party of which, under Major Marter, pursued the King to his Kaal and took him out a prisoner. Stewart was also on the

Gordon Relief Column up the Nile, and in the Soudan, (Medals.) He was then in the Royal Engineers, he later was on the Gold Coast at Accra. He used to say he felt he should go back there, that his destiny was in South Africa.

The group of Officers mentioned on page 48, Vol. VI, are from the left: Capt. Williams, a fair Officer. I can place, and Capt. Gardiner, late 10th Hussars, Swarthy and dark very smart, India and Egypt service; below him dear old Surgeon Major Codd, Riel Rebellion '86. He had a Port Wine Nose, and was the station M.O., for many years. Seated in Centre: Col. Evans, Riel Rebellion '86. In the group, page 31, Volume I, title Troopers of the R.C.D.'s Hussars. I think I know two of them by name. Mounted looks like Thompson, who went to S.A. and dismounted beneath him, Private Barrowclough. The others I recognise their faces but can not name them. In the group of N.C.O.'s. on steps outside their Mess (1898) there are several I recognise and know. They are, as you look at the picture in the doorway on the right, S.M.I. Hobkirk. Left to right in chair, Stout Billy Judges (T. Major.) on his left in chair S.S.M. Graham (1889), on his left, sitting on balustrade of stairs, "Canteen Wailagh" Canteen Sgt. Harry Ashton, (an old friend of mine, 1889) to his left, sitting back on stairs, Q. M.S. Garbutt, he has a riding crop in his hand, below him, sitting in chair, F. Sgt. Timmers, on his left sitting in chair, Sgt. Dingle, I think late 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Gds; behind him Cpl. Sawyer, minus a finger, on the left, sitting back behind the Corpl. looks like Hospital Sgt. Simpson, (K. Star and Egyptian Medal.) He was a good head. I think trumpeter Inglis is in this group a Cpl., also "Dickie" Rhodes, there are some I miss, namely, Sgt. Bob Rutledge (1889), Skinner, (1889); S. M. Page and Young and Hallam (1889) of course there were a lot coming and going, all the time, and terms of 3 years service brought many new faces.

Note to Editor:—I noticed that a Correspondent singing his name Morris was asking after all these comrades, I have named Mr. Editor. This is more than an answer to my friend J. Dee.

THOS. D. MASEY,
67 Maitland St. Toronto, Ont

Memories of An Ex-Dragoon.

By J. F. Cavanaugh

Catch-up on sleep; teas, lunches, mulligan dinners, parties (fatigue), bawls (Non Com.) daily rides and attending stable functions, serving on an occasional piquet, comprised the social humdrum of barrack life during the beautiful balmy days following the memorable normalizing of '97, outlined in part in my last instalment. The soothing warmth of a lazy autumn had about lulled us into a complete state of apathy mid all this whirl of pleasure, however, when the announcement is made that the supplications of the Dominion's struggling metropolis have fallen upon sympathetic ears at Ottawa and that the world's most astounding crowd-attracting theatrical headliner—"A" Squadron's musical ride, is to decamp thither on the morrow's reveille.

Corporal (Blondy) Skinner, together with two other stalwarts, are pressed into immediate service and sent rushing off to town, as a commissariat, with strict orders to assemble such victuals and other supplies as might be deemed essential to the health and happiness of this band of courageous men so eager and willing to sacrifice social ease and holy quiet of barrack life that the first city of the great Dominion might be added to the great list of thriving communities following in the wake of the uplifting influence of themselves and their fellow entertainers.

Toronto, like a number of other Ontario towns, had waxed rich and quaffed freely of the wine of prosperity by reason of the presence of their beloved Dragoons in their midst, and the visit of Blondy and his aides, whether at a caterer's shop, was as magic upon the owner or manager. Anyway, my friends, the heavily laden deliveries that discharged their precious cargoes at barracks are nightfall, bespoke only too well the wisdom of the Regimental, who commissioned the trio of advance agents.

Nor were such businessmen as Mr. Harry Webb, the popular caterer; Mr. (Jack) Scholes, the famous Innkeeper and sire of World Champions of boxing glove and oar; Mr. O'Keef, the esteemed

L. E. Martel
Coal and Wood
of all kinds
Tel. Office and Residence 120
Customs House Brokers.
Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que.
GET YOUR DAIRY SUPPLIES
from
Granger Freres
Tel. 162 171-173 Bouthillier St.
St. Johns, Que.
You can depend on first class
**Milk, Cream,
Butter**
All pasturized.
The leading Dairy in the City.

If it's an
ACCIDENT
send it to

General Auto Body Limited

3520 ST. LAWRENCE
MONTREAL.

B. Mignault

Plateau 6157*

Fish Oysters, Lobsters Scallops Etc.

Fruits and Vegetables

L. Soucy
27 Champlain St.
St. Johns, Tel. 512

Phone 228

P.O. Box 526

Pierre Trahan,

SAINT-JEAN, P.Q.

General Contractor
and

Complete line of goods
for the mason, etc.

Philippe Mailloux
Milkman

Fresh Laid Eggs

41A Lougueil St.
St. Johns

Phone 296w. P.O. Box 233

Phone 129

49 Collin St.,

Latour & Dupuis Inc.

ST. JOHNS, Que.

Lumber Merchants

and

Manufacturers of all kinds of Sash,

Doors and Mouldings.

Specialty—Automobile Window
Plate Glass.

brewmaster; good Mr. Michie of Michie's, Ltd., grocers and wine merchants of West India Cocktail and good old G. L. and P. fame, together with such well-known establishments as Clancy's, The Clarendon, the Black Bull, The Richardson House (Sam Richardson, late 13th Hussars,) et al, remiss in their eulogy of the priceless work of the three dashing Dragoons and their associates of the famous Musical Ride in attracting countless multitudes of the neighboring Republic and the fair Dominion's thrill-seeking sportsmen and clubmen and fashionable ladies together with farmers, herdsmen, artists and what have you to horse shows, exhibitions, military tournaments and like events, whose dollars found their way over bar and counter to appease and sooth the palm of an itching hand.

So thoroughly did Blondy and his aides carry out their mission, good reader, that they returned to barracks covered with "glory" and flourishing "decorations" beyond my humble ability here to describe. Suffice it to say, however, that both their sacrificing day's grind and the goodly results thereof were the subject of much favorable comment aboard our private car as it sped through the beautiful country the following day in its mad rush to Montreal.

Now let me here pause for a moment, as a sort of interlude, and dwell a bit on this mysterious thing possessed by Dragoons—this much sought-after power to attract;—the strange, strange agency that has, to this day, left in its wake such thriving communities as the ancient city of Old Quebec, Halifax, Montreal, itself St. Johns, Ottawa, Peterboro, and last, but not least—Lindsay, the possible latest to surrender to the wiles of this strangest of things so dominant in the woof, warp and life of our esteemed Regiment.

And while the subject has received much comment from the public press, lecturing platform, etc., nothing that I've read, or heard, compares with that advanced by one with whom I talked at the Old Comrades' annual picnic at Stanley Barracks last September and with whom it was my pleasure to groom horses, and later to obey as a Corporal, throughout most of the four years, eleven months, three weeks, and One hundred and sixty-eight hours my pre-

sence—let's say 'graced,' beloved old 'A' Squadron.

Spoke the genial Major Medhurst:

"Sanctity, strength of character, piety and the like—to enumerate but one or two of the regiment's characteristics, must, I think, be considered in accounting for the power that draws many of those who come far to view the Ride. Students of so-called systematized knowledge, however, who have grappled with the invisible thing for ages on end, have dubbed it Super Personality, Personal Magnetism and what not.

"But be that as it may, fellows, my personal opinion of this rather novel power to over-tax seating capacities and standing room at fairs, horse shows and the like at prices ranging from 50 cents to two dollars per spell-bind, is nothing more than every-day, dye-in-the-wool, double-barreled, four-square good old R.C.D. Clara Bows 'It.' "

Now let's slither on with the story.

Meantime things were shaping themselves around stables and quarters. Horses, saddlery, lances, grub and thing, some forage, one Corporal and a Private—as they were then called, gently loaded into a waiting box car at the foot of Bathurst Street marked the close of a busy day. The task completed, a belching bob-tailed switcher bears down and the outfit is snatched from our presence and shunted off in the darkness to the train that is to land them at Mile End, a cheerless outpost of far-away Montreal—glorious World-famed Montreal.

Thus relieved of further cares of horses, attention is about to be directed to the retreat to our habitation when alas across the stillness of the night floats, like a mother's lullaby to her restless babe, the chanting chimes of distant St. James' Cathedral—once, twice, thrice they peal out their warning of an hour about 'o be born. As these relapse into silence the massive bell, far up in the towering steeple above the great clock, booms its mournful announcement of IX—and the spiteful pendulum swings mockingly on with a tantalizing ruthlessness toward the dreaded hour of First Post. Even now we've vision of the wee R.P.

A.R. bugler tramping to the center of the barrack square; and thoughts of a yielding canteen orderly barring the canteen door against invasion at the last notes of the sickening, call and our wrath is surely kindled against him.

Only now do we begin to realize the utter hopelessness of it all. Here we are, dismounted and, except for the protection of a lone Sergeant, deserted at the un-holy hour of nine o'clock at night within a stone's throw of the spookey ramparts of the historic and romantic Old Fort,—

Where rafters sag with roosting bats by day,

Where witches nightly neck and spoon;

Where November's ghastly un-cut bars for aye

Have clocked the life from out the twinning rose of June.

Lou Till's rich baritone voice, humming the stirring lines, revive memories of wierd and fanciful tales of a tipling swaddy and we use these in feverish entreaty upon our protector that he spare his little band the torture of a march homeward through the bat-infes

J. L. Pinsonnault
PHOTOGRAPHER

Photo supplies,
Printing and develop-
ing for amateurs.

76 Richelieu St.

St. Johns

During this month we are allowing
20% discount on "Ready-to-wear
Suits" also on Special Suits
made to order by

"Fashion-Craft"

Best make there is

E. H. Lanctot

Merchant Taylor

Exclusive Agent Haberdasher
Fashion-Craft Hats and Caps

179-181 Richelieu St.—St. Johns.

René Grenier

Plumber and Tinsmith

Hot Water System
a specialty.

93 Notre Dame St., St. Johns, Que.
Tel. 1113w.

POPULAR CANADIAN REGIMENTS



THE ZOUAVES



A Zouave
in
1871

EQUALLY POPULAR

A favorite
in every
regimental
mess!

Dow
Old Stock Ale
fully matured



STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY!

old fortress. Reluctantly he capitulates, carefully checks the "medium of exchange" in possession of each individual file of the outfit, barks out a satisfying command, we swung into a familiar old detour, stop at the first filling station and get a bit of fuel. By mid-night we pass through the arch-way and passed the yawning clink—returning the Guard's salute as we go on our way unmolested as you please, the good Sergeant (Tom) expresses approval of his squad's faultless exhibition of will-power at the gate—and we are "dismissed" for the night.

To be continued.

Gang Warfare in Chicago.

On the morning of St. Valentine's Day, February 14th, 1929, the most terrific and horrifying crime in the history of the prohibition crime wave took place in the North Side criminal headquarters of the "Bugs" moran bootlegging, hi-jacking and racketeering gang in Chicago.

Just before eleven o'clock in the morning, four men, two wearing police uniform, were seen to enter the garage at 2122 Clark St., used as the central loading plant of the gang. These men left what was apparently a police squad car outside the garage—a big open touring with blackened bell on the running board.

One or two curious people, seeing the police enter a small door of the garage stopped for a moment and subsequently remembered hearing what they believed to be back firing from the garage. Still others saw four men come out of the garage eight minutes after their entrance and drive away. None of the early curious waited the police had to establish the time by the testimony of two different groups. It was more than an hour before a truckman, entering the garage, found seven men lying in a forty-foot pool of blood; they were riddled from head to foot with machine gun bullets. Five of them had been the principal muscle men of Bugs Moran.

When the police reached the scene one of the figures was found to be still breathing. He was still alive when they reached the hospital, though pined by fourteen

machine gun slugs. And old sergeant of police whom he knew well, leaned over him:

"They never gave you a chance, Frank, who shot you?" True to gangland code Gustenberg wagged his head weakly. "Nobody," he whispered.

The reconstruction of the crime and the position of the bodies make it clear that the seven men were taken completely unawares. They were first reassured by some circumstance arranged by the killers; then covered with revolvers before they could make a move; then lined up against the wall with their hands over their heads and mowed down by more than a thousand machine gun bullets.

To date the murderers are free and the crime is as much of a mystery now as it was the day it occurred. Many theories have been advanced but no definite evidence has been obtained to connect Capone or the Purple Gang of Detroit, both of whom were linked with the massacre. The one thing certain however, was the fact that police uniforms were used by the killers to ease the minds of their victims, showing plainly the connection between the police and gangsters. The terrific outcry raised by this horrible crime soon died away and in spite of all promises of drastic reforms, Chicago is just as gang-ridden to-day as a year ago. Where it will all end, no person dares to say, but the recent activities of the Chamber of Commerce and the establishment of an independent committee of loyal citizens to formulate plans to rid the City on this menace promises to bring results.

So long as vast sums of money are made as easily as they are through the rum running activities of gangs, so long will crimes of this nature take place. It is simply a case of the survival of the fittest and the stronger the gang the more easily their stock of illicit rum can be disposed of. When millions are available for bribery and defence of arrested gangsters, it is no wonder that those elected to uphold the law are corrupted and the gangster display a well studied contempt for any punishment except that meted out by rival "gangs." Canada may well be thankful that Prohibition has been defeated within her borders

and ponder well over the words of a well known American jurist who openly stated, "The Canadian Border is not only an International boundary line, but the border line between Law and Lawlessness."

Theme Song

"Your uncle seems rather hard of hearing?"

"Hard of hearing! Why, once he conducted family prayers kneeling on the cat!"

Doubly Useful

"Look here, nigger. Why is you borrowing this here razor?"

"Well, Rastus, if my wife is all alone I is gwing to shave."

Olympic Games.

It is of interest to note the preparations being made by the United States Cavalry to compete at the Olympic games in Los Angeles in 1932—might it not be a good idea if we took a page from their book and got going too. There is no reason to believe that the Canadian Cavalry would not give an excellent account of themselves if the facilities and time were given them to prepare

Preparations

Under the supervision and direction of Major General Herbert B. Crosby, who is the Army's re-

SAINTHILL-LEVINE & Co. Ltd.

126 Wellington St. W. TORONTO

Specialists in Military Tailoring Uniforms of all descriptions.

See our Samples and Prices before placing your orders elsewhere.

Our products have been recently approved by
The Royal Canadian Dragoons.

INDIVIDUAL BREECHES

made to your measurement at quantity prices.

Partial List of Units

Recently outfitted successfully with our uniforms :

13th Royal Hamilton Regt.	Elgin Regt.
Queen's Own Rifles.	Halton Rifles.
Toronto Regt.	Wentworth Regt.
York Regt.	3rd Machine Gun Battalion.

Banking Service For All

Throughout Canada the Bank of Montreal numbers among its customers representatives of all classes.

While its service is able to care for the banking needs of the largest accounts, the Bank of Montreal values equally the business of its smallest customers, and provides equally for their needs.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Over 600 Branches Throughout Canada

I. V. J. CLEARY, Manager

representative for all matters pertaining to its participation in the 1932 Olympic games at Los Angeles, California. The preliminary organization and training for the equestrian events in which an Army team will participate is now taking place in each of the nine Corps Area into which the country is divided. In addition, the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and Governors Island New York, on account of their excellent facilities for the purpose, have been specially designated by General Crosby for this preliminary organization and training.

To further and to coordinate the Army's participation in the games, an office in Los Angeles, California, has been opened with Col. Vaughn W. Cooper, Cavalry as the representative of the Army. Colonel Cooper is the Pacific Coast representative for General Crosby and is in daily conference with the organizing committee of the Olympic games.

The equestrian events in which the Army will participate are three in number:

Equestrian Championship—

An event for a team of three riders and horses. This event takes place on three successive days. The object is to test the skill and horse and rider in schooling, cross-country endurance and finally in a jumping contest over a series of obstacles in a stadium.

Schooling Competition—

Commonly referred to as the "Dressage." This also is a team event in which horse and rider demonstrate their ability to perform designated school numbers.

Prix des Nation—

Is a team jumping competition over a difficult and varied course of obstacles.

The Army participation in the X Olympiad in 1932 will mark its fifth appearance in the Olympic games. Former Olympic events include:

- 1912—At Stockholm, Sweden.
- 1920—At Antwerp, Belgium.
- 1924—At Paris, France.
- 1928—At Amsterdam, Holland.

There isn't much to see in a small town—but what you hear makes up for it.

The Right Place.

"Perhaps for all the best sport is the doing for once, of somebody else's work," says John Arthur, educated to fulfill the functions of a good professional career.

Standing at the gates of Strachan College in solitude, inhaling the comforts of his cigarette, he listened to the patter of horses' hoofs upon the hard, hard road. Strange but true, a detachment of cavalry came into view. Came and gone, yet the pounding upon the road and the glare of healthy faces, were destined to linger with John Arthur for ever.

Throwing his cigarette away with a feeling of "Come-on-lets go," The master mind of John Arthur which was molded for a Statesman and later to the judges of appeal, seemed to flee at the very sight of the cavalry, to don the cavalry garb, for long rides over rock, sand and bracken.

It was only a few weeks, when a sudden depression came over him, laboring absordedly from morning until dewy eve, he gazes into the twilight dreaming of bygone days, with his hope of a statesman, then to the judges of appeal, "THE RIGHT PLACE."

His brow was covered with misgivings and needed assistant, when an old friend of Collegian days "Dr. Pearson," patted him on the back, "what's the matter? A penny for your thoughts."

I was thinking of those days at Strachan, John Arthur turned dream filled 'eyes upon his companion,— I'm thinking of them.

It was hard to talk to Dr. Pearson, he in his right place and so settled. Still I had to say something but what?

As they stood together, John Arthur could see the Hotel Royal York. It was all very beautiful. The sight of this makes John Arthur very much alive and turning to his Collegian friend Dr. Pearson says, Have I a chance? —His reply. "Oh yes." Awakens John Arthur to a new world.

After dining with Dr. Pearson at the Royal York and obeying the Doctor's orders to take it easy for six months or so, found himself in "THE RIGHT PLACE," saying: I surrender, I surrender: meaning his degree obtained upon his graduation at Strachan College. — John Arthur was later called to the

Pure Food Products

SINCE 1885

"SUPREME" BUTTER & CHEESE

have had that delicious flavour you associate only with Pure Food Products.

"Chanteclerc" Eggs

are guaranteed Strictly Fresh.

Z. LIMOGES & CIE., LIMITEE,

22-28 William St., Montreal.

Marquette 1341

Marquette 1431

LET US CALL

for that

Suit or Overcoat.

Prices for Dry Cleaning

Suits - - - - \$1.50

Overcoats - - - - \$1.50

Hats - - - - .75

Suits or Overcoat sponged
or pressed - - - .50

24 hours' service.

Troy Laundry,
Tel. 29, Iberville.

See our signs on our Trucks.

Bar, where upon he fulfilled the functions of a professional Lawyer. Later running for a seat in the legislature elections was elected in his constituency with a large running majority. Making himself a good and worthy Statesman.

Time goes on making good his promises to his voters, for the good of his country.

John Arthur is now becoming one of the older men. He must be every bit of sixty-two and very di-

gnified. When he was appointed by the Crown to sit as Judge of the Juvenial court, where his good sense of justice gave a snap judgment and a square deal for everybody.

J. Arthur Hunt.

Officers with drawn swords, and soldiers with fixed bayonets formed the guard of honor at a recent military wedding in Paris. The weapons proved unnecessary, however, as the bridegroom choose to go quietly.

Deluded Souls.

A Bachelor's Wedding-Day Warning.

Dr. John Shaw Banks was beginning his sermon when some commotion occurred at the back of the church owing to a young man's discovery that a box of matches had set his pocket on fire. Ignorant of the cause of the stir, the preacher said: "To give our friends at the back time to settle themselves again, let us sing:— 'Sometimes a light surprises the Christian.' "

A popular minister was preaching a weeknight sermon to his flock for the last time ere leaving for a distant church, and the stewards surprised him by marching up the pulpit stairs with several gifts from the congregation. To give himself time to collect his thoughts and find appropriate words of thanks, the preacher said: "Let us sing a hymn," and, opening the book at random, he read out the first verse, and he and all his hearers dissolved into hearty laughter. This was the ver-

se:—

What shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more!

At the wedding of a minister's daughter, a favourite maid-servant was asked to suggest a hymn. Innocently she proposed:—

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes.

It was probably mischief rather than innocence which prompted the girl's Sunday-school class to suggest to the vicar a hymn for the forthcoming wedding of one of their number:—

Oft in danger, oft in woe,

The organist of a West-end church, who confesses to having played at hundreds of society weddings, observed recently that a certain anthem was specially appropriate on the occasion, when a very smart bride was married to a member of the Upper House. She had to wait ten minutes for the bridegroom's arrival, and the anthem specially chosen days before by the bride, was "I waited for the Lord."

For sheer cynicism the choice of the bachelor Methodist minister takes the palm. Asked to officiate at a wedding ceremony he chose the hymn:

Deluded souls who dream of heaven
And seek to find it here below

On one occasion Malborough played Cheltenham at cricket in their own ground, and on the first day two Malborough bowlers—Wood, afterwards in the Oxford eleven, and Stone—played havoc with the Cheltonian wickets. The two teams were in the college chapel that night for prayers, and the hymn contained the words:—

The heartless in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.

In a village chapel the paraffin lamp on the pulpit was burning dimly and smoking badly. The visiting minister did not notice it, but he gave out the hymn:—

Let all your lamps be burning bright,
And trim the golden flame.

Needless to say there was no general response to this invitation. Some time ago the President of the Methodist Conference in Aus-

tralia solemnly announced that the Rev.—, who, though he did not say so, was notoriously long-winded and tedious, would preach in the same church on the following Sunday, "and," he added, the opening hymn will be "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Stretching It a Bit

Indignant Mother: "Rubber!"
Englishman (staring at homely baby in fascinated horror): "Thank Gawd! I fancied it might be real!"

Tillie: "Mither I want thome ad-hetive plathter."

Drug Clerk: "What thickness?"
Tillie: Don't make fun of me!"

Pass the Prunes

Wanted—2 or 3 Ladies for gentleman boarders.—Add in the St. John Nfd. Telegram."

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.



Quality
makes *Export Ale*
the **Daddy** of them all

There's no substitute for quality! The triumph of Frontenac Export Ale proves that! Its aged, rugged strength, sparkling life and sturdy body is bringing new joy to thousands.
Uncomparably! Unrivaled!

Frontenac
Export Ale
INDIA PALE

English Ale
at its Best

**LIFE!
VIGOR!**



SPARKLING ENERGY!

*EXPORT! An ale to be thankful for!
Rich in life and body! Welcomed everywhere—For What's In It!*

Frontenac
Export Ale
INDIA PALE